

I have come from a happy land  
To one of a shining band  
That forever near you stand  
To cheer your earthly way.

It was in the days gone by  
When youthful happiness was nigh  
And the glad hours seemed to fly

Breathed with flowrets gay,  
That you used to clasp my hand  
And closely by my side to stand  
Obeying friendships glad commands  
In hearty cheerful ways.

Walking closely side by side  
And each to each their voice confide  
And naught our friendship could divide  
In those sweet youthful days.

For my name could your pulse thrill  
For mine could my warm heart fill  
We ever dreamed that death would chill

One heart before the other  
In silvery stream, our friendship ran  
None placed upon us bar or ban  
For it was really *Love's plan*

To make us see each other  
Two girls without a thought astray  
Or wandering off in error's way.

Here we in those glad happy days  
Gaze you and I.

But ere I left Earth's sad abode  
My own feet trod a weary road  
But Heaven like a magnetic lode

Had drawn my spirit on  
And though dear friends bemoaned my loss  
With gladness I laid down my cross

For earth's gold yet, has much of dross  
I longed but to be gone,  
To where the beautiful city shone  
Round the King of Kings as a shining zone  
I thought to see God on His dazzling throne

While archangels bent around  
And just as the angel of death drew near  
There fell on my spirit enraptured ear  
The melodious songs of the angel spheres

Oh! what sweet and joyous sound  
What wonder that when the tolling bell  
Was uttering forth the funeral knell

The tones upon my spirit fell

Like to some glad refrain  
Rejoicing in its very tone

The freedom of my soul to own,  
For every ill with Earth had flown;

Through death I lived again.  
Could I describe my home most sweet  
Of which I now delight to rest - (Breath-  
less) and a transport - through your  
happiness and joy

Fair fields of beauty crowned with flowers  
Lie all around our happy bowers  
Around me too are mountain-towers -  
- There's nothing to amaze.

Fair rivers sparkling in the light  
Adorn the land of which I write  
And hills run, glancing pure and bright  
In this fair world of ours.

Around the merry children play  
With lambs and birds as blest as they  
For in this world of endless day

God's creatures great and small  
Are objects of his loving care  
To Heaven for since their entrance when  
They in their innocence may share  
And praise Him one and all.

For that blest being that He gave  
And still continues 'yond the grave  
For the All-powerful it is to save

And still perpetuate  
So when we speak of warbling birds  
Whose melody in Heaven is heard  
Dum not ~~that~~ <sup>using</sup> idle words

For sometime soon or late,  
For mankind will the veil be risen  
And all the precious truths of Heaven  
Will unto all be freely given

And all by faith shall see -

The mold that clings to olden creeds

The grace that cometh through good deeds

And know God answers as the needs  
Of all His creatures be.

In time will lift every cloud  
That now enfolds man as a shroud  
Till he for gladness cries aloud

With thanks for blessings given.

Then shall old dogmas fall apart—

While temples rise in every heart—

And truth adorn each busy mart—

Of thoughts exchanged or sold

For lo, the multitudes must buy

The thoughts the salaried preacher cries—

Let us be happy by and by.

Pined for more than gold

Will be the glimpses mortals gain

Of heaven that region free from pain

Mortals shall ask and not in vain

Beaming mysteries to know.

Rejoice that ~~in~~ these earlier days

Heaven like a cloud around you lays

I close that you by faith can gaze

As upon the scene we show.

W. L. G.